

Honolulu Newsletter

A Yellow Fever Episode That Has Aroused
The Populace—Bill Boards in Favor.

(By Manuel de Coste.)

"Life is just one damn thing after another." Now we have a little yellow Jack, and are trying to look pleasant. The advisability of coaling the Hongkong Maru when she came into port was questioned by a merchant, but it made no difference. Then comes the quiet criticism of Dr Ramus for putting an easy going, not to say ignorant, Hawaiian guard on a feverish ship to hold the physical destinies of many thousand persons. His comeback is that there are no immunes available for guards and the only available ones are Hawaiians. Available, yes because no effort was made to get men of greater intelligence, or judgment, to watch the ship. Whether we have epidemic or not depends upon whether the man stopped anywhere on his way home from quarantine. If he was a clean liver he did not drop into the nearest place for a drink of square-face or a sandwich. If there were no mosquitoes to bite him after the first chill there will be no more cases. The impression is that he was so ill that he made up the railway tracks for home where he remained. Here again Ramus comes in for censure in not keeping track of the man who had asked for permission to leave for a day, because he had had a strenuous time of it. Under the circumstances it was the duty of the chief sanitary officer to see where the missing man was, and where he had been in the interval between his leaving and their locating him. Prior to that he is as safe and as free from power of infection as anyone. Now we are under the necessity of waiting ten days longer before it is definitely settled that no one has been inoculated by a mosquito, who has sunk his bill into the sick man. Just now he is the safest man in the islands because his period of doing bad is over. It is a long story, this yellow fever business, and it would require the knowledge of a doctor to enable me to give you the whys and wherefores of the manner and period of transmission of the disease. The time for greatest worry will be ten days hence. One thing the papers here have not dwelt upon is the fact that there were two deaths on the Hongkong Maru before reaching Honolulu, besides the one which occurred through a man being washed overboard. It is possible the other two had fever.

Usually there is a holler here because the newspapers give publicity to anything that will keep tourists out of the country, but I have not heard much about the present case that has been jarring to the souls of the hotel men. Naturally they will feel it, if there should be an exodus of visitors as there was when the cholera appeared last year, just as the tourists came in. But whatever the newspapers have done it is not as bad a knock as the scarehead that has been put on the bill boards by an over zealous individual, who mayhap feels that he is doing the country a service. The biggest mosquito he could find in a Liliha street taro patch was evidently selected for enlargement many diameters, and put on bill boards all over town with the warning "You get the mosquito or the mosquito will get you." I have a hunch that it has been painted today so as to be a welcome to the tourists, one hundred and thirty-seven, by the way.

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Stranger Than Fiction

Story of a Man Who Lived 14 Years
Without Memory.

S. Chandler Rogers, who was attacked by three ruffians at the corner of Eight avenue and Sixteenth street, New York city, on the night of May 1, 1897, and thrown into the Hudson river after his skull had been fractured, wandered about the world for fourteen years under the name of George Kelly, was restored to himself in Seattle recently as the result of a surgical operation that removed pressure upon his skull. Under the name of George Kelly he served eleven years in the United States navy, and was discharged at Bremerton, July 1, 1910.

Then he went to work in a sawmill at Port Blakeley, and was married there two months ago. On October 10th, he disappeared from his home, and he was found three days later in the dense forest, crawling on his hands and knees and snapping like a dog. On October 13th he was brought to a hospital in Seattle. He was unable to speak or see, and apparently was paralyzed. An operation was performed to remove a portion of the skull that pressed the brain.

Kelly then asked for pen and paper and wrote a concise and intelligent letter to his half-sister, Miss Florence Douels, 416 West Thirty-second street, New York city, closing his letter by stating that he was in a hospital. He signed the name S. Chandler Rogers. He asked for a newspaper, and was dumb-founded when a paper dated Seattle, October 20, 1911, was handed to him. He asked where he was, and when told, he broke down and wept. On recovering his composure he told this story.

"I don't know where I have been or what I have been doing for fourteen years. I was born in New York city in 1880. I lived with my grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Douels, 418 West Thirty-second street, New York.

"I was first a newsboy in New York and then a messenger with a big trust company. I used to box in a theater to earn a little side money.

"May 1, 1897, I took a vacation. With a friend I went to a theater, accompanied by two girls. I took my girl home and then started to walk to my own abode. At the corner of Sixteenth street and Eighth avenue I met three men, who asked for a match. I told them 'I am no match factory.'

"Then one made a pass at me. I struck at him with my brass knuckles on my right hand—I always wore them at night—it was near midnight.

"Another man of the three struck me with a blackjack and I fell to my knees. The next thing I knew I was swimming in the river, almost stark naked.

"I remember catching hold of a pile and yelling for help. I can remember being dragged from the river, and that is the last I know, except that I awoke up here in this hospital in Seattle Tuesday morning."

Another bowling tournament is on over at Puunene, and a large entry list is in the hands of the committee in charge. The present tournament is a handicap affair and the cup has been presented by Mr. William Searby, the popular superintendent of the mill.



PORTUGUESE ATHLETIC CLUB TEAM.

Reading from left to right the players are: Top Row—Rego, Lino, Ornellas, Medeiros, Pareisa, (manager) Fleizer, Joseph, Bushnell and Olmos.

Lower Row—Ponte, Souza, Pedro, Soares, M. R. Freitas, (captain) and Madeira.

Telegraphic News.

(SPECIAL TO THE MAUI NEWS.)

Sugar 106 Beets 112.27

Imperial Army Restless.

PEKIN, Nov. 3.—The imperial soldiers about Hankow have got beyond the control of their officers.

TOKIO, Nov. 3.—An entire division of the imperial army has joined the revolutionists. The division includes infantry, cavalry and artillery. The army operating in the province of Yenman has revolted. The revolutionary spirit has manifested itself close to the capitol.

FREMONT, Nov. 3.—Champ Clark declares that nine tenths of the people of the United States favor the annexation of Canada, and he is willing to run for president on such a platform.

NEW WESTMINSTER, Nov. 3.—Twenty-five thousand dollars, stolen from the Bank of Montreal branch here, has been found under the sidewalk.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The president reviewed the greatest American fleet ever assembled here yesterday. He declared the proportion of destroyers to cruisers as altogether too small.

Monster Review of Warships.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The entire Atlantic fleet of ninety-nine warships were passed in review by Secretary Meyer here today. The fleet made a line seven miles long. Secretary Meyer says the prompt response of the navy shows its preparedness for war.

PEKIN, Nov. 2.—Fighting continues around Hankow. Representatives of the powers have protested against the disregard for the red cross nurses. Several were killed yesterday.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 2.—Possession of the account books of the International bridge workers has been granted to the federal grand jury.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 2.—Complete primary returns give Harriman, socialist candidate for mayor, 19,883. All socialists for the city council have qualified for the regular election.

Honolulu News.

HONOLULU, Nov. 3.—The attack on the mosquito breeding places in this city has been deferred until Monday.

If no more cases of yellow fever make their appearance the campaign will probably be allowed to fizzle out.

Dr. Currie will have charge till the arrival of Dr. Blue. Lanlet has been indicted for stealing jewelry from Wichman & Co. The Cooke estate will build at the corner of Nuuanu and Bere-tania streets.

HONOLULU, Nov. 2.—There have been no new cases of yellow fever.

Dr. Hobdy says all foliage such as bananas, fruit trees and vines should be cut down and destroyed.

One hundred and fifty inspectors are at work in the infected district.

The danger period begins next Sunday. Dr. Currie will lead the campaign which begins Monday.

Up to the present time tourists have not shown much alarm.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 2.—A fleet of twenty-four warships and two submarines were off the harbor at daybreak. The fleet will be reviewed by Admiral Thomas.

The Latest In Sports

What the Wrestlers, Boxers and Base
Ball Artists Are Doing.

The stakes of this year's world's championship series are the richest ever played for by two baseball teams. The players' participation in the receipts ended with the fourth game. They will split \$127,910.61, of which 60 per cent, or \$76,746.36, will go to the winners, and 40 per cent, or \$51,164.24, to the losers. Twenty-one players on each team are eligible to participate in the money, so that the players on the winning team each will receive \$3654.68, and the members of the losing team \$2436.36 each.

The Athletics, in winning the world's championship last year, received \$2064.74 each, and Chicago, the losers, \$1375.16.

William A. Larned, American lawn tennis champion, is on his way to New Zealand as one of the three members of the American Davis cup team. The team sailed from Vancouver on November 1st for Auckland, and will reach Christ Church, where the matches will be played in December, on November 23rd.

Here is a criticism by Christy Mathewson regarding the batting of the New Yorks. The same criticism applies to a great many players here on Maui, and they would do well to read and profit thereby.

Four times this year the New York club has been in a batting slump. It is in one now, and any baseball man can see the reason. Every man that goes up to that plate wants to hit the ball a mile, into the stands, or over the center fielder's head, or somewhere far, so that he can hear the crowd cheer. He feels the eyes of that immense crowd on him and he wants to outdo himself, to be the main fellow, and what is the result?

All the players are grabbing their bats away down near the end and taking a long, hard swing at the ball, not chopping it. Perhaps in this story of baseball there have been a dozen batters who could take the stick at the end and swing at the ball with all their force. Wagner, McGee, Lajoie of the contemporaneous players can, and "Ed" Delehanty in the preceding generation of ball players did it.

"Don't try to kill it," urged McGraw again and again on the bench, and then they would all go up and take that big swing. The team has got to hit better. Thirteen hits in three games is a rate that will never win a world's championship.

Following is what Christy Mathewson says about blocking a man off the base and spiking. Snodgrass slid into Baker and spiked him slightly, which resulted in a big uproar and many cries of "Dirty ball!" As a matter of fact, Snodgrass was doing only what he had a right to do. Baker had him by fifteen feet, but instead of giving him room to slide in to the bag in front of him and touching Snodgrass as he came in, Baker sprawled all over the base and blocked the runner completely off the bag. It is not to be supposed that a player is just going to lie down and say, "Here I am, tag me." Snodgrass had a right to the base line and he slid in feet first to get a chance at the bag. It was Baker's own fault that he was spiked. There was a great deal of talk about Cobb spiking Baker,

Musical At Lahaina

Very Pleasant Evening's Entertainment
Enjoyed By Many.

A most enjoyable musicale was held last Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Little of Lahaina. A large and appreciative company assembled on the spacious lanai of the Little residence, and were delightfully entertained by the different selections offered. Besides a large number from Lahaina, quite a few invited guests went over from Wailuku. After the rendition of the different numbers on the program, refreshments were served on the lawn by the light of the Japanese lanterns. The evening closed with dancing to the music of a Hawaiian quintet. Following is the program:

1. Piano Solo.—Si j'etais roi
Adolphe Adam
Mrs. Little and Mr. Bruss.
2. Violin Solo.—
a-Lorelei paraphrase, Nesvadan
b-Springs awakening, Bach
K. J. Zedtwitz.
3. Vocal Solo.—In Maytime
Oley Speaks
Mrs. Roberts.
4. Piano Solo.—Die geschiedene Frau
Leo Fall
Mr. Bruss.
5. Reading.—A Hallow'en story
Mrs. Sandstedt.
6. Cornet Solo.—Selection.
Mr. C. D. Lufkin.
7. Vocal Solo.—A Perfect Day
Rowe
Mrs. J. K. Bodel.
8. Violin Solo.—
a-Grossmut-therchan, Langer
b-Vission
Drdla
K. J. Zedtwitz.
9. Piano Solo.—The Calif of Bagdad
Rossini
Mr. Bruss.
10. Cornet Solo.—Selection.
Mr. C. D. Lufkin.
11. Vocal Solo.—In all eternity
Mascheroni
Mrs. J. K. Bodel with violin obligato.

but if he plays third base like that I don't wonder that he got spiked. I have never seen Cobb play, but if he slides high he is likely to cut a man who spraddles all over the bag. If Baker had been playing in the league with Clarke he would be cut to pieces, because Clarke always rode high when he came into the bag.

Our great national game, baseball, is a thing incomprehensible to foreigners.

So it happened that three of the newspaper men from New York, on tour with Taft were lunching at the St. Francis recently, and asked of their waiter: "What is the baseball score?"

"Beg pardon," he said. "The score—what is the score between the Giants and the Athletics?"

"I don't know," answered the waiter, who was a Hungarian. "Giants—pardon, I do not understand."

"Well, go out and ask somebody at the desk who won the baseball game in New York."

And he went out to the desk and they sent him around to the telephone girls. The girls had simply received the first bulletin that New York had won, but didn't know the score. So they said: "New York won, 185 to 2."

And that is what the waiter took back as a message to the three visitors.

"Huh," observed one, a baseball fan, "won by a squeeze play in the ninth, I guess."